

# CHRISTMAS

*with*

# Mother Goose

*by Walt Kelly*

A DELL  
10¢  
MAGAZINE

NO. 172



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# Remembering



*When it's only September,  
It is hard to remember  
To brush my clothes,  
To wipe my nose,  
To keep my shoes quite  
clean.*



*But just before it's  
Christmas.  
When there's lots of secret  
business.  
I find out that my memory  
Is really very keen.*



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# MOTHER GOOSE helps Santa



*Mmm—wonder where the rest of the wooden horses are? They have to be painted...*



*And if they're not painted by tonight they won't be dry in time for Christmas.*



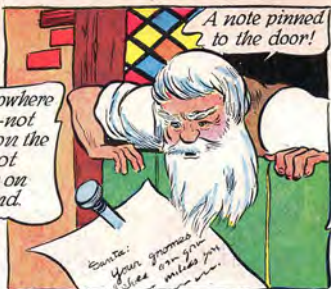
*My word! Where is everybody? The workroom is deserted—the elves and gnomes should be carving out toys—there's scarcely a day left—where could they be?*







They're nowhere  
in sight—not  
sliding on the  
hill—not  
skating on  
the pond.

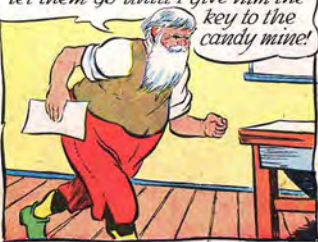


A note pinned  
to the door!

What's this!? It's from the  
Black Giant! "Santa: your  
gnomes and elves are gone  
forever unless you give me  
the key to the  
candy mine!"  
Signed, "The  
Black Giant."



So that's what happened! He's  
captured my helpers and won't  
let them go until I give him the  
key to the  
candy mine!



I don't know what to do—  
Oh, there's the front door-  
bell—maybe it's the giant  
after the  
key.



Why, Santa!  
Why do you  
look so glum?



Mother Goose!  
I'm relieved to  
see you—come  
in—come in!



I don't hear the sound of busy little hammers, Santa.

No, the Black Giant has stolen my helpers. He's holding them for ransom!

'Ransom! Why, that old rascal—I'll bet he wants the key to the candy mine again! Maybe you'll have to give it to him.

Well, I really need my helpers.

Without them there will be no Christmas toys—and if I rescue them, there will be no Christmas candy.

They have to mine the candy, too—without them there'd be no toys and no candy—you'd better give the giant the key

THUMP  
THUMP!

Give me the key, Santa—you've no other choice.

You scalawag! You're nothing but a pig!

Maybe so, but you'd better hand over the key—otherwise your helpers will be locked up for two weeks!

Harrumph! You win!

Tarnation! There's not much to do but give it to him!

Wait, Santa.

Maybe there's a chance to out-smart him... If you could find out where the elves are hidden, you could release them and keep the key.



Now if I dressed like you, I could lead the giant on a wild goose chase to get the key—meanwhile you should be able to find the elves.

That's a clever idea, Mother Goose... Come along—I'll find a Santa Claus disguise for you.



Here's the most important part! A false beard—I had to wear it one year when my own whiskers caught fire.

And this old suit of yours will do—I'll need a pillow though.





No reflections on my figure! You'll find a pillow in the chest...I'm going to sneak down and see if I can catch the giant talking to himself.



Heh-heh-heh! Little does Santa realize that the elves are very close at hand!



Heh-heh-heh—they're locked up in his stable—heh-heh-heh!



So that's it! Well, I'll take care of that!



My word, you look perfect!... I've found out where he's hidden the elves. Where?



They're in the stable! Now we ought to trap the giant so he can't do us any harm when he finds he's been fooled.



Good!



You take the key to the candy mine and let the giant in—but don't give him the key—I have a plan! Listen—bzzz-bzzz-bzzz...



Come along to the candy mine, Black Giant—I'll let you in!



Why don't you give me the key?

Oh, it'll be better if I show you around.



Look out for your head.

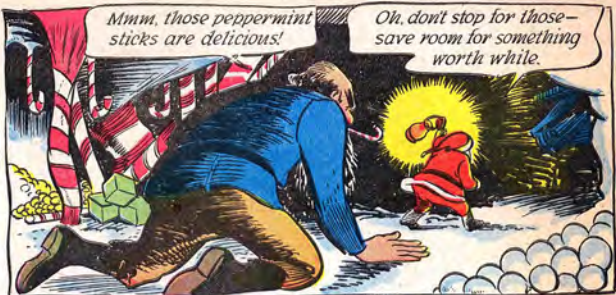
Mmm—smells good!

Oh, don't bother with those gum drops—I'll show you something good.



Mmm, those peppermint sticks are delicious!

Oh, don't stop for those—  
save room for something  
worth while.



If you don't show me something I can  
eat soon I'll eat you!

Shhh—  
steady,  
men!



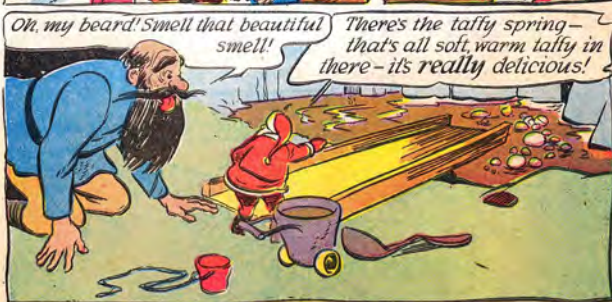
When Mother Goose leads  
him to the bubbling  
taffy springs, then  
we go to work.

Right!



Oh, my beard! Smell that beautiful  
smell!

There's the taffy spring—  
that's all soft, warm taffy in  
there—it's really delicious!

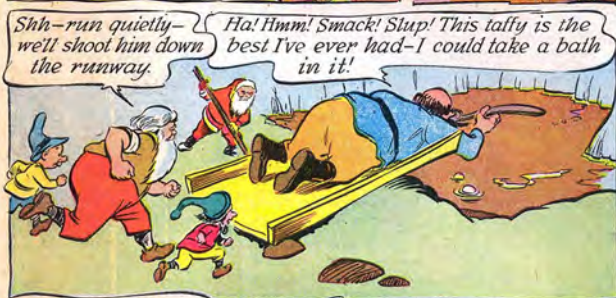




Climb right out to the end of the runway—you can dip up all the taffy you can hold.



Ha! This is perfect!



Shh—run quietly—we'll shoot him down the runway.

Ha! Hmm! Smack! Slup! This taffy is the best I've ever had—I could take a bath in it!



All together—heave!

No sooner said than done, Black Giant! Enjoy your bath!

SPLASH!

Hey! Help!







Help-help! I can't  
move - I'm stuck  
fast-help!

Good - you won't  
bother us again  
during the  
Christmas  
season.

But I can't stay  
here all encased  
in hard candy!  
I'll freeze to  
death!

Help me-I'll  
freeze!

No, you won't-we'll  
move you into the  
barn later when  
we're not so  
busy.

But for the rest of the  
day you can just stand  
there and be uncomfort-  
able-Santa and his helpers  
have been slowed up long  
enough by your  
greediness.

Oh-oh-oooh!

Let him groan-maybe  
this will teach him a  
lesson.

I hope so... If it  
wasn't for you, Mother Goose,  
I don't know what I  
would have done.

# My Little Pony



*I had a little pony,  
His name was Dapple Gray.  
I loaned him to my daddy  
To ride on Christmas Day.*



*He pranced him and he  
danced him  
So they fell in to a tree.  
It was as silly a thing to do  
As ever I hope to see.*

# Old Granny Hipple Hopple



*Old Granny Hipple Hopple  
Hopped out of bed;  
Looked at the calendar  
And straight-away said:*

*"If Christmas came at  
Easter time,  
When Easter time was  
through,  
What ever would old  
Santa  
And the Easter Bunny do?"*



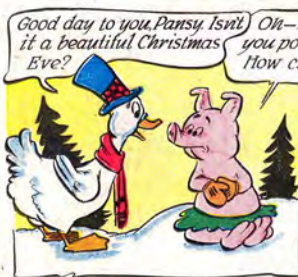
# GOOSEY GANDER'S GIFT

My, my! What a wonderful day—just before Christmas, too!



Good day to you, Pansy. Isn't it a beautiful Christmas Eve?

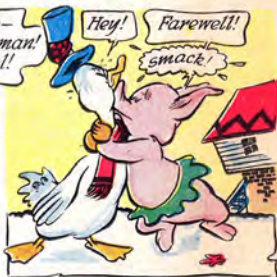
Oh—sob—you poor man! How cruel!



Hey!

Farewell!

smack!



Why? What? I'm not going anywhere—are you?

No—but haven't you heard what the farmer is having for Christmas dinner?

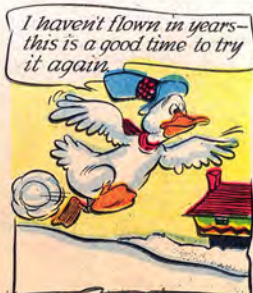
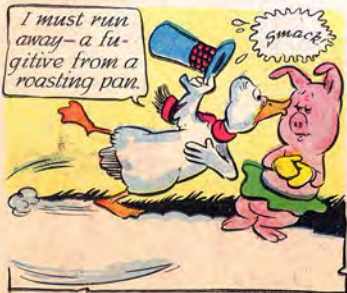
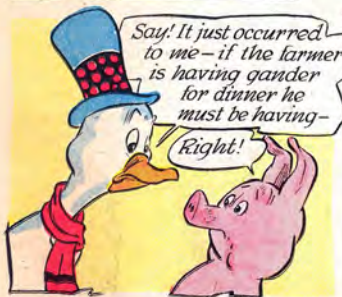
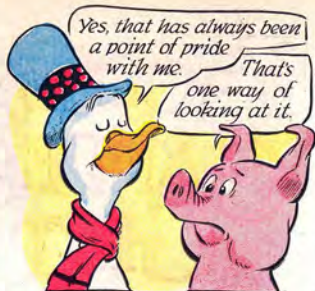
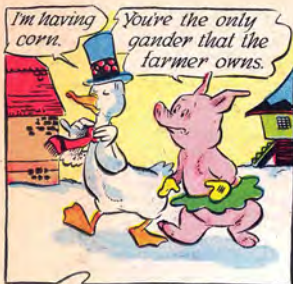


No!

He's having goose-gander, that is.







*Flying is a fine means of travel.*



*Hello, Mr. Fox.*

*Hello, Mr. Gander. What are you doing?*

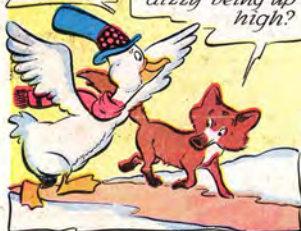


*Flying.*

*Hmm. don't you get dizzy being up so high?*

*Oh, no. I'm a fowl, you know— but it is very hot work, of course.*

*Where are you going?*

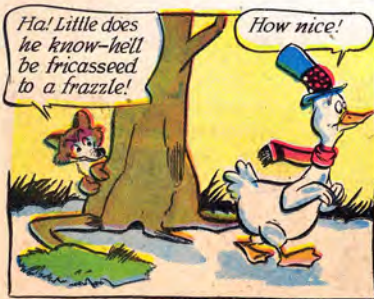


*Oh—sob—who can tell? I flee for my very life! The farmer was going to cook me for Christmas dinner.*

*Ha! Excellent judgment.*

*I mean, of course, you show excellent judgment in fleeing. Er—ah—do you have a moment?*





Now let me see—what will I bring? Hmm...

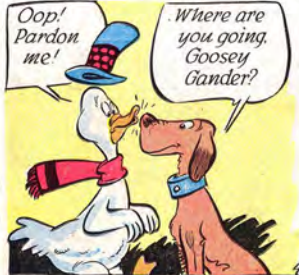


A new hat? A pair of shoes? A doll carriage? A pound of lollipops? A cowboy suit?



Oop! Pardon me!

Where are you going, Goosey Gander?



Well, well! It's the three traveling musicians! I'm running away from home and I'm looking for a place to live.



You can live with us! We have a nice house now and there's plenty of room.



That's very kind of you—and I'll be proud to accept—but first of all I must take a gift to the fox—he invited me to a party.



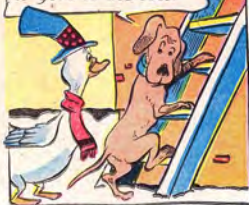


Hmm, we know that fox pretty well...You should really surprise him—what time is the party?

Four o'clock.



That's pretty soon...Wait here—we'll bring a present to give to the fox.



My! This is pretty nice! Wonder what they'll let me have?

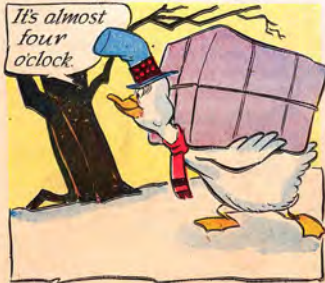


There you are—just give that to our friend, the fox.

My, it's pretty heavy!



It's almost four o'clock.



In the fox's den

Ha! The pot's hot—wait'll that gander gets here.



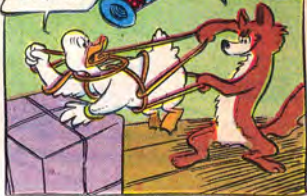
I've brought you a present.

Humph...



Well, I'll look at it after I've tied you up—you're my Christmas dinner!

Oh, no!



Now, we'll see what's in this package!



Wow! The dog!

Yes, you villain! So! You'd eat the gander!!



Take that!

Oh, would he have eaten me?

Yes, but you're safe now.



Come home with us—we'll celebrate Christmas together.

What would we do without our friends?



# A Crooked Party



*There was a crooked man  
And he walked a  
Christmas mile.*

*He found a Christmas sixpence  
Upon a crooked stile.*



*He bought a crooked cat*



*Which caught a Christmas  
mouse,*



*And they celebrated Christmas  
In a little crooked house.*



*They had a crooked tree      And a little crooked flue*



*And Santa found*

*When he slid down*



*That he was crooked too.*





*He hung a crooked cane  
Upon the crooked tree;*



*But counting crooked noses*

*He quickly hung up three.*



*They baked a Christmas cake  
In a little crooked dish;*

*And they ate their crooked  
pieces  
As fast as you could wish.*



*And when the day was over  
They scratched their  
crooked heads,  
And they all went to sleep  
In their little crooked beds.*

# Tommy Tucker's Song



*If every day was Christmas  
What would we have to give?!  
Whatever could we do for all  
The folks with whom we live?*



*If every day was Christmas  
We'd run clear out of toys.  
We'd have to share most  
everything  
With other girls and boys.*





*We'd have to laugh and sing  
and play  
If every day was  
Christmas Day.  
We'd have to help each other  
work,  
And never frown or sneer  
or smirk.*



*If every day was Christmas,  
There'd be two things left  
to give—  
Our hearts and sunny  
smiles to all  
The folks with whom we live.*







## A Bear for Bed

*A furry bear  
is the **very** bear  
To take to bed at night.*

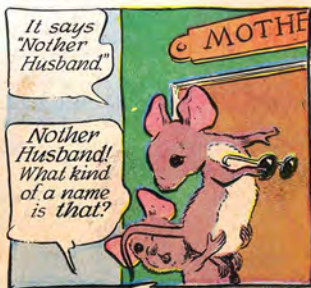
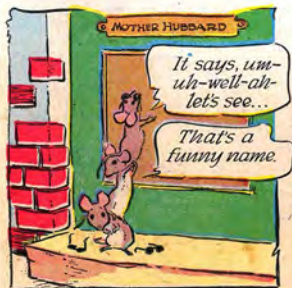
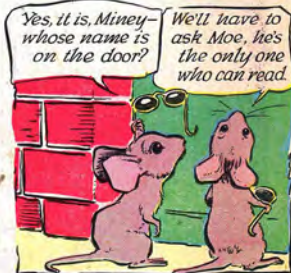
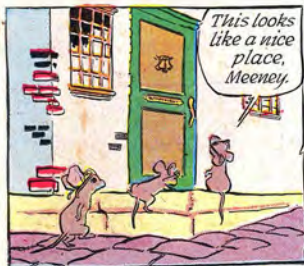
*A not so very tall bear,  
But not a too, too small bear,  
A crunchy bouncy ball bear,  
That's the one that's right.*

*It can be black  
Or brown  
Or blue  
Or pink or even purple too.  
I don't care.  
If the bear  
is **furry**—  
I should worry.*



# The 3 Blind Mice

## AND A Christmas Deed



I'll climb up and swing  
the knocker, then when  
Nother Husband opens  
the door, we'll sneak in.



My, I wonder  
who can be  
at the  
door?



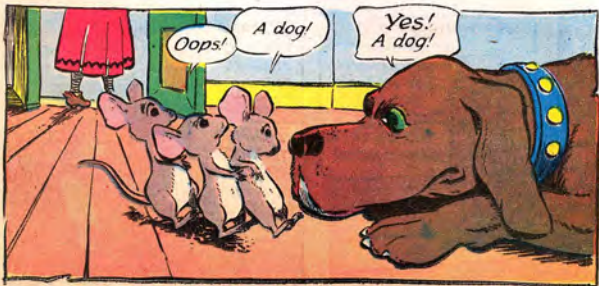
That's strange—  
there's no one  
here.



Oops!

A dog!

Yes!  
A dog!



Out! Out! Out! Out-out-out!  
Get out! Get out! Out-out!



Cheese it!

Dan! Dan!  
Quiet! What  
in the world  
ails you?  
My land!



What are you  
growling at?



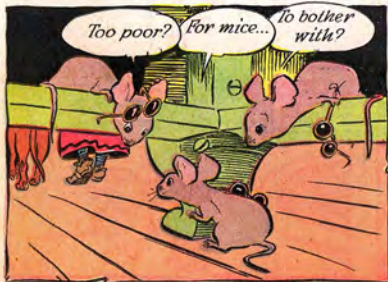
Rowr!

Nothing could be under there—  
nothing except a mouse—my  
sakes, Dan, we're too poor for  
mice to bother with, you know.



Growl!

Too poor? For mice... To bother  
with?



If that's the case, we're  
sunk like rats in a  
trap—oh look, Nother  
Husband is going  
to the cupboard.





She's getting her poor dog a bone.  
But now that she's there—  
The cupboard is bare,  
and so—



And so the poor dog has none!

Why, that's the rhyme about  
Old Mother Hubbard.



Old Mother Hubbard.  
That's who this lady is!

Why, naturally—  
who said 'Nother  
Husband?'

It's hard to tell—  
we all look alike,  
but whoever it was,  
he was a dullard.

Never mind, Dan, perhaps  
somebody will buy some  
of my needlework  
tomorrow and we'll  
buy a nice Christmas  
dinner.



We'd better go to bed...  
One more night  
without any supper.

Isn't that  
touching?  
These poor  
people are  
starving.

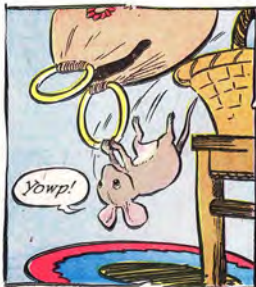
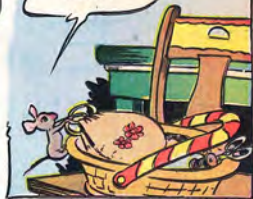
People?  
That dog  
isn't a people.  
He tried to  
eat me!



That doesn't matter—  
we should be able to  
scrape up something  
for them to eat.

Come on—I saw  
some cloth bags over  
here—we can fill  
them with food  
from the market.

Golly! This bag  
won't come  
loose.



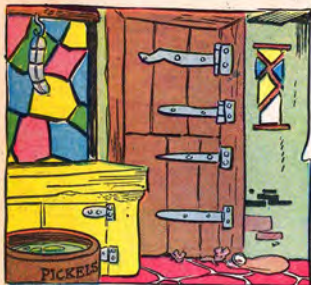
What are you trying  
to do? Hurry up, we  
don't have all night.

We'll go  
to the  
butcher's  
store.



Shh—we can  
sneak under  
the door.





*How about cutting off a slice of this ham? We'd never be able to take the whole thing.*

*Okay.*



*Oof—this bologna string is tough!*

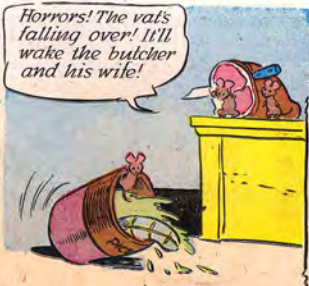


*Heads up!*

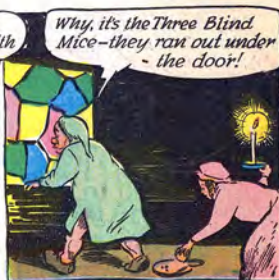
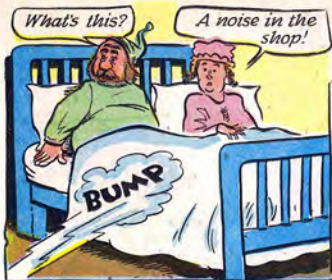
*Look out! You're going right into the pickle vat!*



*Here goes nothing!*



*Horrors! The vat's falling over! It'll wake the butcher and his wife!*





Next Morning

Wait until we tell Mother Hubbard that we have orders for her needlework!



Yes, everyone agreed that her handiwork is very fine... She'll be well-to-do now with all the work she's getting.



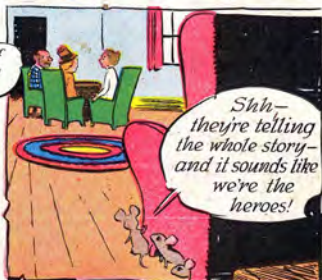
If it weren't for the kind-hearted mice, we wouldn't have known what fine work she can do.



Good morning, Mother Hubbard. May we come in?



Why, of course!



Yes, you are heroes! I heard the story and you can stay as long as you like.



Hooray! Now we'll all have a good Christmas!



# Rub-a-Dub-Dub



*Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Three men in a tub.  
And who do you think  
they be?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candy cane maker  
On a Christmas kind  
of a spree.*



*Rub-a-dub-dub,  
A tree's in the tub  
And who is a-trimming  
the tree?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candy cane maker—  
Jolly men, that they be!*



# My Favorite Tree

*Some people like oak  
And some like pine,  
But the tree I like  
Is a tree very fine.*



*Other folks like elms,  
But I think you'll agree  
That the really, really best  
Is a bright Christmas Tree.*



# Little Jack Horner's Christmas Pie



Well, well, little Jack Horner! It's nearly Christmas; have you come to order your usual pie?

Yes, Mr. Pieman, and I have a list of all the things I'd like to find in it!



Hmm—that's quite a list—cherries, plums, citron—what's this? A lamb chop?

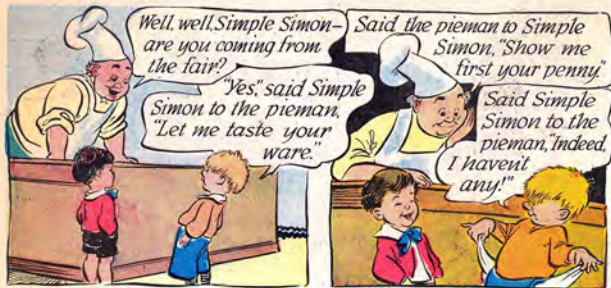
Sure!

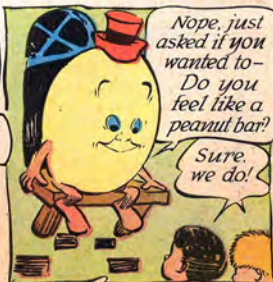
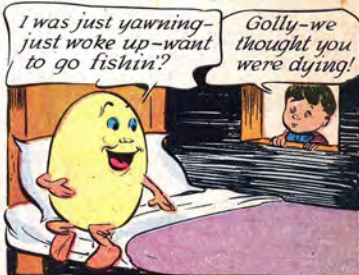


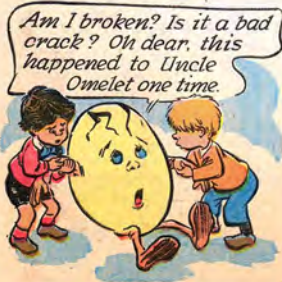
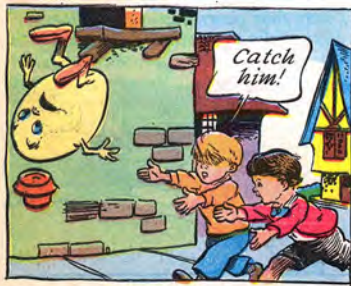
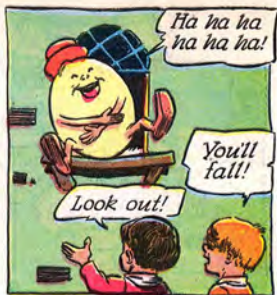
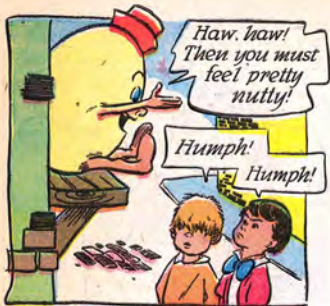
That's for Twinkle, my dog. He always eats part of my pie.

Hello!













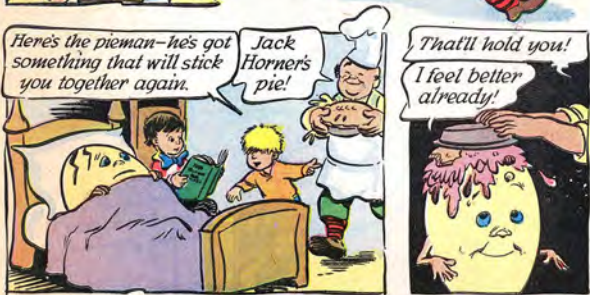




Something sticky! That gives me an idea! Come on.

That looks like Jack Horner's Christmas pie.

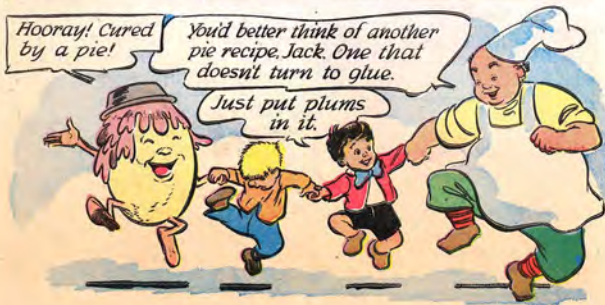
It is! He wanted such a mixture in it that it turned to glue.



Here's the pieman—he's got something that will stick you together again.

Jack Horner's pie!

That'll hold you!  
I feel better already!



Hooray! Cured by a pie!

You'd better think of another pie recipe, Jack. One that doesn't turn to glue.

Just put plums in it.

# What's the Day?



**M**any folks know very well  
But it's really hard to tell,  
for a puppy.



A certain day a pup can tell,  
For someone ties a big, red bell  
on the puppy.



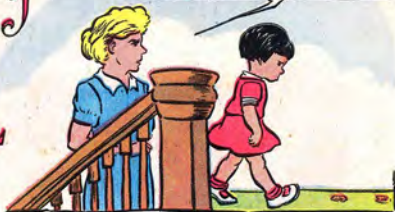
And in a bag the pup can smell  
The juiciest bone the  
butcher'd sell  
for the puppy—

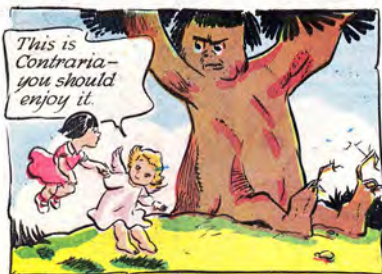
*What's the Day?*



# Contrary MARY and the ANGEL

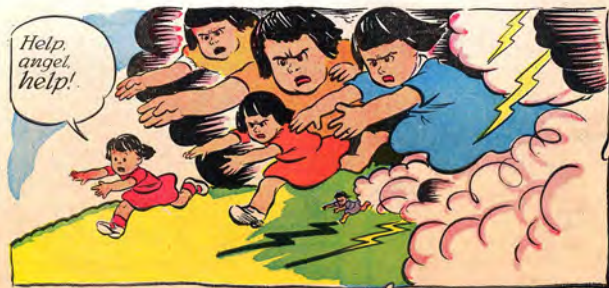
Mary, you've been so contrary,  
you'd better go right to bed.

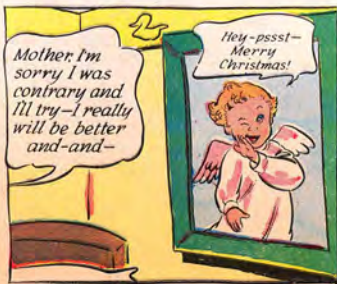












# Christmas Eve



*I'll stay awake till Santa comes  
And,*

*when everyone's asleep.*

*I'll tippy toe*

*Down the stairs*

*And never make a peep!*

*I'll hide behind the curtain*

*And peek arou-around—*

*yo-hum!*

*I'll sneak around th-un-  
tippy toe*

*And stairs awake—*

*until-tilly come*

*And-yawm-uh-humm—*

*now make a peep*

*Whenevry Santa's- oh-oh-  
gee whiz*

*Where revver-bodys else  
so sleep—*

*I'll stairs-away-a-sta-a-snizz—*





# The Merry Pigs



*This merry pig went  
to market.*



*This merry pig trimmed  
the tree,*



*This merry pig cooked  
the roast beef.*



*This merry pig sang  
with glee,*



*And this merry pig shouted,*

**"PIGGY CHRISTMAS!"**

*To everyone he could see.*